

IRELAND, 1847.

ONE OF THE LATE DENIS FLORENCE M'CARNEY'S PATRIOTIC POEMS.

God of justice! God of power!
Do we dream? Oh it be,
In this land, in this hour,
With the blossom on the tree,
In the gladsome month of May,
When the young lambs play,
When the native looks around
On her waking children now,
The seed within the ground,
The bud upon the bough?
Is it right, is it fair,
That we perish of despair
In this land, on this soil
Where our destiny is set,
Which we cultured with our toil
And watered with our sweat?

We have plowed, we have sown,
But the crop was not our own:
We have reaped, but happy hands
Swept the harvest from our hands
We were perishing for food,
When lo! in pitying mood
Our kindly rulers gave
The fat fluid of the slave,
While our corn filled the manger
Of the war-horse of the stranger.

God of mercy! must this last?
Is this land preordained,
For the present, and the past,
And the future, to be chained—
To be ravaged, to be drained,
To be robbed, to be spoiled,
To be hushed, to be whipt,
His soaring pinions clapt,
And its every effort foiled?

Do our numbers multiply
But to perish and to die?
Is this all our destiny below—
That our bodies as they rot
May fertilize the spot
Where the harvest of the stranger grows?

If this be indeed our fate,
Far, far better now, though late,
That we seek some other land and try some other
zone;
The coldest, bleakest shore
Will surely yield us more
Than the storehouse of the stranger that we dare not
call our own.

OUR MILLY.

Way down upon de Suwanee ribber,
Far, far away;
Dar's whar my heart an' turnin' eber,
Dar's whar de ole folks stay.

Clear as a bird song the voice floated
in through the open, vine-shaded win-
dow, where sat Edith Morgan and her
aunt, Mrs. Hayward, who had just come
from Massachusetts to visit at this com-
fortable Western home.

"Why, Edith!" exclaimed the elder
of the two ladies, "have you a little
negro here? I thought old Hannah was
was all you took West."

Edith flushed slightly, but smiled,
saying: "No, auntie; your critical ears
deceived you this time. That was Our
Milly."

"Indeed! A voice like that in a white
child is worthy of cultivation. Does
she sing any other songs with equal pa-
thos?"

"I must confess, auntie," replied
Edith, "that her music is mostly con-
fined to negro melodies, which she has
learned from Hannah, but she sings
them all with great fervor. Really,
auntie, I hardly know what to do with
Milly. I have hoped your coming might
help me out of the quandary. Since
mamma's death she has been under no
control at all. Papa thinks whatever
she does is just right, and so, of course,
permits her to follow her own inclina-
tions."

Here the conversation was interrupted
by the entrance of Milly herself. She
did not look at all like a "Tom boy,"
for she was a sweet-faced, demure little
maiden.

"Milly," said her sister, "Aunt Hay-
ward thought you were a little darky
when she heard you sing." An irresisti-
ble smile broke over the pretty face, and
the red lips parted, revealing two rows
of pearly teeth. She held out two little
sunburned hands, saying: "Not quite
so bad as that, auntie, though I am
tanned 'most black enough, Edith says,
and my head is most woolly enough." And
she shook back her tangled curls.

"How would you like to go back to
Boston with me and take lessons in sing-
ing?" asked Mrs. Hayward. Milly
opened her eyes with wide astonish-
ment.

"Why, auntie, I don't need to learn
to sing. I always knew how. I thought
you heard me."

"You see how she is," said Edith.
"When she makes up her mind to any-
thing there is no changing her. She
never storms or acts naughty, like other
children, but she will say, with the air
of a sage: 'No, Edith, I must! I ought
to!' and there she will stay. Papa says
she is made of the same metal as heroes
and martyrs, and I don't know but he is
right."

Mrs. Hayward remained in her broth-
er's home from early June until August,
and every day Milly grew more and more
into her heart, till the childless woman
felt that she must have the little West-
ern flower to brighten her city home.
But Milly was firm in her refusal.

"I cannot leave papa," she would
say. "He has the first claim on me."

One day in the summer she had gone
some distance from home to pick ber-
ries, when there arose one of those ter-
rible storms so common in some parts
of the West; lightning and rain, accom-
panied by a furious wind. While the
family were in great distress over Mil-
ly's absence, she came galloping home
on a pet cow. When questioned, she
answered:

"I heard Brindle's bell just before
the storm came on, and I knew the cows
were all going down to the fork to drink,
and their path leads right through the

berry path. So I waited a minute or
two, till they came fling along, and then
jumped right on Brindle's back. I knew
by the clouds that we were going to
have a blow, and I thought she was so
big the wind couldn't carry her off, and
I meant to hug her tight and lie low, so
I wouldn't blow away. And you see I
succeeded. My berries are all right,
though," she added, gayly. "I hid
them in an old hollow cottonwood tree,
and I'll go and get them after the storm
is over."

"Were you not frightened?" asked
Edith, as she helped Milly change the
drenched clothing.

"Yes, Edie, I was," she answered,
soberly, "and I prayed a little prayer;
but I didn't forget to cling tight."

At length the time came for the Bos-
ton aunt to go home. It was arranged
that Edith should accompany her father,
as he drove with his sister the thirty
miles to the city, where she was to take
the eastern-bound train. They were to
remain a day in town for the purpose of
shopping, returning on the third. As
Mr. Morgan kissed his pet daughter good-
bye he said playfully: "Now, Pussy,
you must take good care of things while
papa is gone."

"I will, papa," was the earnest reply.
"I dislike to go away," continued her
father. "Everything is very dry and
there have been fires west of us; but
Patrick and Hannah are faithful and
you are worth a half dozen any day."

"Don't worry, papa, dear," said Milly,
gayly. "Just go and have a good time.
We shall be all right."

The morning of the third day was clear
and pleasant. A breeze from the op-
posite direction during the night had blown
away the smoke, and with it went the
fear from the heart of the poor old
black woman. Pat, too, was in good
spirits, though, in his way, he had been as
lugubrious as Hannah. So they all went
to work with a good will. Pat was re-
shingling a barn; Hannah was baking;
for she declared she must do "heaps of
cookin'" before "Mars' Morgan and
Miss Edith" should come; and Milly
was acting as little maid of all work to
the sable cook. She washed dishes, but-
tered pie plates and cake-tins, occasion-
ally leaving her work to dart into the
sitting room, to assure herself that every-
thing was in order for the home-coming
of her loved ones.

Gwine to ride up in de chariot
Sooner in de mornin'
she sang. But hark! What was that?
A cry of terror or distress. She flew to
the door, followed by Hannah. They
saw Patrick crawling toward the house
on his hands and knees.

"The prairie is on fire he shouted,
adding, immediately: "Howly mother,
be merciful! for it's helpless I am in-
tensely."

The prairie was indeed on fire,
though at some distance. Pat, from his
perch on the barn, had spied it, and,
in his haste to get down and give the
alarm, had slipped on the ladder and
fallen to the ground, severely spraining
his ankle.

"You must burn a shreak, Miss
Milly, and just as quick as ever ye can,
for the fire is a-comin' like an express
train."

Milly understood—she had often
heard of it—and already the matches
and some bits of paper were in her
hand.

"Where, Pat?" she called.

"Out formin' you wire fence. I'll
draw water, and Hannah must carry it
till ye, to sprinkle the ground this side
yer fire." And Patrick dragged him-
self painfully to the well.

Milly did as she was told and every-
thing succeeded bravely. The fright
had a wonderful effect on Hannah's
rheumatic limbs, and she carried water
on the double quick.

On came the great fire, nearer and
nearer. Milly could hear the roaring
and hissing of the flame, the trampling
and snorting of horses, and the bellow-
ing of cattle, as they raced for life.

At the right and left of her fire they
passed, but the child scarcely noticed
them. She dimly saw, through the
smoke, several gaunt prairie wolves
dash by; but it seemed perfectly natural
and she had no thought of fear. She
was saving her home.

With wet blankets she whipped back
the fire, when it threatened to come
where it should not. At last she had
the satisfaction of seeing so wide a belt
of burnt land between her home and the
great fire that she felt sure they were
safe, and she started to seek a refuge
from the blinding smoke in the house
her efforts had saved; but, borne on the
wind, far up in mid-air, came sailing a
blazing mass of straw, and, to Milly's
horror, it fell on the house roof. With
almost superhuman swiftness she ran
toward the new scene of danger. Up
the stairs she darted, catching, as she
ran, a broom. From a dormer window
she climbed out on the roof, and with
a broom shoved the flaming straw to
the ground, where it was quenched by
Pat.

Hannah was by this time at the open
window with water for Milly to pour on
the now-blazing roof. She caught a pail
and dashed the contents on the flame,
unheeding that her own clothing was on
fire; but Hannah saw, and, seizing a
bed quilt, she climbed out of the window,
almost as quickly as Milly herself had

done, and wrapped it about her pet to
smother the flame. Hannah had done
her best, but before she reached her the
calico dress was burned literally off, as
was nearly all her clothing. The blaze
was easily extinguished, but it had done
its work.

With hearts clouded with terror and
forebodings, Mr. Morgan and Edith
drove toward home that afternoon over
the blackened desert that had been so
beautiful but two days before. The
shadow lifted as they came in sight of
the cozy farm-house, standing safe in an
oasis of green.

"Thank God!" said Mr. Morgan, and
Edith responded "amen!"

But when they reached home they
found sorrow enthroned awaiting them.
Milly—wise, gentle, brave Milly—
burned almost past recognition, lay upon
the bed, her charred curls blackening
the pillow. The father and sister saw
it was too late for remedies. Milly was
dying! She did not appear to suffer,
but lay unconscious, though at intervals
she murmured little snatches of the
hymns she loved best. Suddenly she
sang, and her voice was clear and strong
as ever:

De chariot! de chariot! its wheels roll in fire.
A long silence followed, broken only
by the labored breathings of the little
martyr. Then she sang softly and
slowly:

Swing low, sweet chariot, comin'—for to carry—
The heart-broken watchers listened to
catch the remaining words; but they
never were sung, unless, it may be, the
strain was finished in the upper home.
Unseen, the mystic chariot had swung
low.—Independent.

A NATIONAL NUISANCE.

A napkin ring—Ring what?—Ex-
change.

The above is the style of a joke that
is making our beloved land the corral
for a vast herd of idiots who ought to be
poisoned and thrown into the moaning
sea.

The class of facetious individuals who
do not know enough to die of remorse
is gradually increasing. The country is
cursed at present with the vast epidemic
of this kind of mirth that make per-
dition yawn.

Most any kind of a criminal can be
brained with a piano leg and thrown into
the yielding bosom of a cranberry marsh,
but how are you going to brain a man
with a head like a peanut, and who don't
know a wedgewood joke from a moss-
covered sarcophagus?

How are you going to brain a lab-de-
dah man who never knew what a brain
was? How can you knock a poor worm
of the dust senseless when he hasn't
been any other way since he was
born?

About the only way we see is to drain
Lake Superior and then collect those
gibbering idiots in the deepest place,
spread about four acres of boiled iron
over them, and then let the water back
into the lake.—Bill Nye.

FORESTS AND RAIR.

It would appear that the interest in
the preservation of forests in this coun-
try has not come any too soon, as there
are districts already threatened with the
deadly aridity which has caused ancient
rivers in the Old World to shrink to
languid streams, and converted fertile
and productive regions into almost un-
inhabitable wastes. The supply of
water for the New York canals is run-
ning short. "Twenty-five years ago,"
says ex-Gov. Alford, of that State,
"there was no such trouble. When I
was a young man, Onondaga creek was
a busy, boisterous stream, that sup-
plied unlimited power for manufactur-
ing purposes. Now it is a sluggish,
dirty, narrow course, fit for no other use
than a common sewer." The reservoirs
and lakes that once furnished an ample
supply of water for the canals have
shrivelled, till now they furnish only
a precarious and insufficient supply, and
this threatens to become exhausted—
the result, it is believed, of the wanton
destruction of the forests that once drew
abundant rain from the clouds. Ex-
Gov. Alford believes that, before many
years, the Legislature will be forced to
direct its attention to the subject and
adopt measures to protect the forests
that are left and induce the planting of
new ones in regions now too bare.—St.
Louis Republican.

BOTANY.

Putting young hopeful through an
oral examination in botany.

"Where do the apples come from?"
"The apple tree."
"And the pears?"
"From the pear tree."
"And the figs?"
"From the fig tree."
"And the dates?"
"From the almanac."

SEEKING beyond the rose: "No, in-
deed, I'm not going to learn how to
make bread," said a New Haven belle.
"Girls who know how to make bread
generally marry men who can't afford to
buy flour to make it with, and they have
to work in a millinery store to help pay
the board bill. I'll stick to my fancy
work."—New Haven Register.

If you will follow this rule you will
save yourself many a headache: "Never
bite till you find out whether it is bread
or stone."

THE GREAT PYRAMID.

Richard A. Proctor claims that the
structure was both a tomb and an as-
tronomical observatory. When we re-
member, he says, that the astronomy of
the time of Cæsar was essentially as-
trology, and astrology a most important
part of religion, we begin to see how the
erection of the mighty mass of masonry
for astronomical purposes may be ex-
plained—or, rather, we see how, being
certainly astronomical, it must be ex-
plained. Inasmuch as it is an astro-
nomical building, erected in a time when
astronomy was astrology, it was erected
for astrological purposes. It was in this
sense a sort of temple, erected, indeed,
for the peculiar benefit of one man or of
a single dynasty; but as he was a King
in a time when being a King meant a
great deal, what benefited him he doubt-
less regarded as a benefit also to his
people; in whatever sense the Great
Pyramid had a religious significance
with regard to him, it had also a national
religious significance.

There is no other theory of the Great
Pyramid which comes near to giving a
common-sense interpretation of the com-
bined astronomical and sepulchral char-
acter of this wonderful structure. If it
is certain on the one hand that the
building was built astronomically, and
was meant for astronomical observation,
it is equally certain that it was meant
for a tomb, that it was closed in very
soon after the King died for whom it was
built, that, in fine, its astronomical value
related to himself alone. As an astro-
logical edifice, a gigantic horoscope for
him and him only, we can understand
its purport, much though we may marvel
at the vast expenditure of care, labor
and treasure at which it was erected.
Granted full faith in astrology (and we
know there was such a faith), it was
worth while to build such a structure as
the Great Pyramid, just as, granted the
ideas of the Egyptians about burial, we
can understand the erection of so mighty
a mass, and all save its special astro-
nomical character. Of no other theory than
that which combines these two strange
but most marked characteristics of the
Egyptian mind can this be said.

HOW HE BECAME SATISFIED.

A great many boys mistake their call-
ing, but all such are not fortunate
enough to find it out in as good season
as did this one.

It is said that Rufus Choate, the great
lawyer, was once in New Hampshire,
making a plea, when a boy, the son of a
farmer, resolved to leave the plow and
become a lawyer like Rufus Choate. He
accordingly went to Boston, called upon
Mr. Choate, and said to him: "I heard
you plead in our town, and I have a great
desire to become a lawyer like you. Will
you teach me how?"

"As well as I can," said the lawyer.
"Come, sit down." Taking down a copy
of Blackstone he said: "Read till I come
back, and I will see how you get on."

The poor boy began. An hour passed,
his back ached, his head ached and his
legs ached. Every moment became a
torture. He wanted air. Another hour
passed, and Mr. Choate came in and
asked:

"How did you get on?"
"Get on? Why, do you have to read
such stuff as this?"
"Yes."
"How much of it?"
"All there is on these shelves, and
more," looking about the great library.
"How long will it take?"
"Well, it has taken me more than
twenty-five years."
"How much do you get?"
"My board and clothes."
"Is that all?"
"Well, that is about all that I have
gained as yet."

A CURIOUS BUSINESS.

One of the most singular of all voca-
tions is described by an English journal
in a way to indicate that it has an es-
tablished existence in London. It is
nothing more nor less than the bringing
off of prize-fights, and the business gives
employment to a number of middlemen.
The middleman has his regular beat and
calls on regular customers. He also has
his pairs of gladiators always at call.
Supposing that a set of men wish to see
a genuine combat, they simply subscribe
£20 or £30 or £50, and place the money
in the middleman's hands. A £20 "mill"
is not a very sanguinary affair, but £50
will buy a good deal of bloodshed. When
the money is deposited the agent picks
out "two lads that want to have a turn."
The "lads" are mostly lazy louts who
do not love work. They train for a week
on money supplied by the honest mer-
chant who arranges the meeting. When
they are finally placed in the ring they
really do hurt each other a good deal,
and the spectators have the pleasure of
battle and conspiracy simultaneously.
There are half an hour of heavy hitting,
a few spirited rallies on the cords, a
large amount of bad language, and then
one man gives in. The middleman
pockets half the money, and the rest is
divided between the battered ruffians
who afforded the entertainment.

The following marriage announce-
ment appeared in a Long Island paper
recently: "Smith—Smith—At Smith-
town Branch, C. W. Smith to Hattie
Smith, of Smithtown."

CROWNED HEADS.

The Sad Fate of Many Kingly Rulers.
(From the Cincinnati Saturday Night.)

Did you ever stop, gentle reader, in
your evenly-balanced and unchecked
career as a peaceful freeman of our glo-
rious Union, to consider how fortunate
it is for you that you were not alive 500
or 1,000 years ago? Because if you had
been living then you might, and in all
probability would, have been King or
Queen of England, in which case your
wretched existence and miserable death
would have been assured.

There was King Edmund, who, while
feasting with all his nobles about him,
was attacked by a noted robber of the
day and stabbed to the heart. Without
pausing to inquire what the nobles were
about to permit this murder, we will
proceed to King Edred. Edred was
hounded into dissoluteness by a favorite,
St. Dunstan, an ambitious priest, who
was permitted to run the governmental
machine pretty much as he pleased. Ed-
red, the successor of Edred, inherited the
partisanship of Brother St. Dunstan, but,
choosing to marry against St. Dunstan's
will, he incurred the violent displeasure
of the man of God, who through the in-
strumentality of Odo, then Archbishop
of Canterbury, caused the Queen's face
to be burned with hot irons, and then
carried her away to Ireland, and finally
killed her, the shock breaking poor
King Edwy's heart.

The next King, Edgar, reigned for
seventeen years, and, strange to say,
had no trouble at all, and finally died an
ordinary, every-day sort of death, at his
residence, No. 30 and so, such a street,
Edgar, King of England, age 37 years,
11 months and 18 days. Friends of the
family invited to attend. The next to
assume the crown was Edward, who, a
very short time thereafter, was stabbed
in the back by a hireling of his mother,
Elfrida, whose own son, Ethelred, then
succeeded to the throne. King Edmund
was murdered by one of his nobles;
King Harold died from the effects of a
shot in the eye; William of Normandy
got a bruise that led to a wretched
death; William II. was shot with an ar-
row and killed; and so it went, the good
Kings and Queens being killed by the
bad people, while the bad sovereigns
were put out of the way by the good
people.

ANOTHER ARKANSAS AFFAIR.

Old bow-legged Jake, a colored man
of high standing and extreme blackness,
entered the County Clerk's office and
said:

"Boss, I wants a par ob marriage
license. I'se a ole man, but I'se gwine
ter marry one ob de youngest gals in dis
community."

"Have the parents of the girl any ob-
jections to the marriage?" asked the
Clerk, hesitating as to whether or not
the license should be issued.

"Hit doan seem so ter me," replied
Jake.

"Did you ask the old man's consent?"

"No, sah."

"How do you know, then, that he does
not object?"

"Well, yer see I has been a callin' on
de young lady for some time, an' las'
night de ole man come in, tuck down a
army gun an' said dat he reckoned me
an' Liddy laughter git married. Dis
mornin' he comes ober ter my house wid
de gun an' said suthin' about my goin'
at once an' gettin' de license. I tote
him dat I had a wife somewhar in de
country, but he coked de ole gun an'
looked so sad like, dat I struck a trot fur
dis office."

"If you have a living wife, old man, I
can't issue a license."

"But, boss, dis is one ob dese he ar-
stringent cases. De fodder of de gal is
standin' out at the corner ob de house
wid dat army gun. It's better, boss,
for a man to hab two libin' wives den it
is fur a 'oman ter hab one dead husband."

Finally the old man with the gun was
induced to come into the office and ex-
plain. "Well, yer see, boss," he said,
"ole Jake has been burnin' my oil an'
wearin' out de bottoms of my chairs long
enough. He's been eatin' at my house
mor'n a year, courtin' my gal, an' now
I want him to board de gal awhile. Ef
he don't I'll hab to injur him." After a
while, however, the old man agreed that
if Jake would pay him \$5 the affair would
be settled without marriage. The
money was paid over, and the two men
contemplate establishing a catfish res-
taurant.—Arkansas Gazette.

THREE CHARACTERISTIC EPITAPHS.

A friend who read the epitaph pre-
pared for his own tomb by the late Prof.
Clifford was prompted to compose two
others which, with that of the professor,
we give below:

ATHEIST.
I was not and I was concealed;
I lived and did a little work;
I am not and I grieve not.

CONFIDANT.
A drop of spray cast from the Infinite,
I hung there an instant and threw my ray
To make the rainbow. A microcosm
Reflecting all. Then back I fell again,
And, though I perished not, I was no more.

CHRISTIAN.
God willed; I was. What He had planned I wrought
That done, He called and now I dwell with Him.

—Literary World.

The Eureka district, Nevada, has pro-
duced ores to the value of \$31,000,000
during the past seven years.

LOVE AND FLIRTATION.

Love is champagne:
It cheers one day, the next breeds pain and sor-
row;
Flirtation, though as sparkling, leaves
No headache for to-morrow.
Love is a debt:
You spend to-day, and pay the piper after;
Flirtation is a dead-head pass—
A fellow "doesn't have ter."
Love is a snare
With a pleasant bait to lure one to a prison;
Flirtation gives a man the cheese—
The rat-trap isn't "him."
Love is a rope
That serves to bind an ass and post together;
Flirtation lets one range the fields
Without the galling tether.
Love is, like faith—
The evidence of things unseen, and by it
You're blinded so you'll never see.
Flirtation? Well, just try it.

PLEASANTRIES.

A motto for young lovers—So-fa and
no father.

CALLING for a divisor of the house—
Filing a petition for divorce.

A LAWYER is about the only man that
ever made anything by opposing a wom-
an's will.

WHEN at home, the Chinaman is a
Mongolian. When in the United States
he is a Mustgolian.

A LOUISVILLE belle has in her parlor
a beautiful embroidered motto, "E Plur
I bus, yum, yum."

A YOUNG lady, not well versed in
music, wants to know if dance music is
written in foot notes.

THE name of the Speaker of the Mas-
sachusetts House is No-yes, and his
ability to decide a tie is doubted.

SIGN on a gentleman's house in Edin-
burgh: "Any person entering these in-
closures will be shot and prosecuted."

"FREE of charge—an empty gun."
There's where you make a mistake. It's
the empty guns that have added to the
angelic population.

WHEN Patrick saw the announcement
in a shop window, "Great Slaughter
in Clothing," he stepped in and inquired
for "wan of thim kilt suits."

THE great social mania if to have one's
hand photographed. But when a man
holds four and fails to get a bet he
doesn't want his hand photographed.

HERE is one we thought of sending to
London Punch—Why is a small morsel
of bread smaller in French than in
English? Because it is a moreau (more
so).—Lowell Citizen.

"Yes," said the country member, "I
went to that variety show because I felt
sure there'd be nobody there who knew
me! Durned if pretty much the whole
Legislature wasn't there!"

"WILL the coming man drink wine?"
asks the Boston Star. He will when he
can get some other man to pay for it.
When the expense falls upon his own
shoulders he will imbibe beer.—New
York Commercial Advertiser.

A TIPSY Bostonian, who was arrested
while making vain efforts to clutch at a
barber's pole, exclaimed, as the police-
man drifted him in the direction of the
station-house, "Stranah, I never saw'r
'oora borealish s'neer before."

"WELL, and what has become of our
old friend X?" "Turned stock broker."
"Ah! did he make anything?" "He
did—he made 400,000 francs a customer
had deposited with him, and then he
made for America!"—Paris paper.

"WHERE are you going to at such a
gait?" asked Jones, pere, as he met his
daughter's young man. "What gate,
sir?—there ain't any gate—I mean—"
and then he wrenched himself together
with a sickly smile and looked feeble-
minded.

"Is the neighborhood much bother-
ed with cats?" asked a gentleman who
was negotiating for the lease of a house.
"It used to be," frankly answered the
landlord, "but since a French res-
taurant was opened around the corner
there hasn't been one seen."

A CONCEITED man, noted for his lack
of good looks, pompously said: "I have